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"What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

Suck

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PUCK.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THERE was a flush of pride on the young man's cheek three weeks ago, when he first strode forth upon the street, with the lapels of his overcoat thrown very far back, so as to show the silk facings. He bore himself boldly; his chest protruded; he was a swell among the swells. But to-day there is no flush of pride upon his face, although his nose is red as he gathers the flimsy folds of that gaudy garment about him and hastens on his way to business. He cowers before the supercilious glance of the man with the ulster; he avoids the haunts of the aristocrat who sports an English top-coat. He lies awake in the stilly watches of the night, wondering in what manner he may "hang up" a new outer garment at his tailor's. For Winter is upon us.

The erratic movements of the ground-hog are attracting more than their due share of attention. The goose-bone has become a family oracle, at least in the rural regions. Mr. Vennor is furnishing exhausted machine-humorists with ample material for the stint of jokes they are obliged to grind out. The careful housewife unfolds the Winter garments that six months ago she dusted with insect-powder and put up in carefully pasted paper—and finds that the moths have held high revel, and have apparently fattened on the pulverized poison. The haberdasher's window glows with gorgeous samples of underclothing. Society re-swallow-tails itself. There is an odor as of far-off buck-wheat cakes in the air; a sound of trickling syrup is borne upon the autumn breeze. Yes, Winter is upon us.

People generally look forward with a certain instinctive dread to the Winter. It would not be easy to tell why; but they do. Nobody ever heard of a sickly man remarking pathetically to his friends, on the 1st of May, that he might never see another December. He seems to take it for granted that, having checked it out up to the advent of warm weather, he is all right, and safe until next sausage season. There is no particular reason for this. He is just as likely to pop off with sunstroke in July as he is to depart with diphtheria in December. If he is imprudent, August offers him an excellent chance for making his demise after indulging in sweet corn at dinner. Yet the idea never seems to worry him. But he is in a state of collapse at the bare thought of having to pass in his checks before moving day of next year.

The fact is, Winter, in these parts, has not much to recommend it. We have tried to crowd all our social amusements into these few dull months of snow and rain; but this is only by way of protest against a most objectionable season. Winter brings us pneumonia, and heavy gas-bills, and the necessity of thick flannels, and frost-bitten ears, and wet feet, and influenza, and rattling windows, and snow-blocked streets, and parodies on "Beautiful Snow" in the country papers, and the long Congressional session. *Per contra*, it brings us balls, both of the fish and the festival variety, Indian cakes, hot drinks, skating and PUCK'S ANNUAL. Yet, in the popular estimation, Winter is, there is no denying it, quoted at a heavy discount. Winter is not a popular institution.

Talking of unpopular institutions, bosses seem to be ruling low in the market, just at present. Mr. Kelly, as a political power, departed this life some time ago; and Mr. Conkling took a modest back seat at about the same period. There seemed to be a prevailing impression that the people of New York City and of New York State had no use for these gentlemen, and in deference to that opinion, expressed more or less distinctly in various ways, they retired to the peaceful limbo of oblivion. Thither, it seems, Boss McLaughlin of Brooklyn is bent upon following them. Not that Mr. McLaughlin's touchingly-worded resignation is to be taken as the swan's dying song; but that we regard it as a species of premonitory death-rattle.

The bosses are no longer the bugbears that they were. Nobody is afraid of them now. They have been forced to abandon their old tactics. Of old, when defeated in one place, they fought again in another. Now they work the "resignation racket." When they get a salutary slap in the face, they do not seek to return it; they sit down and retire from the contest, and pose as martyrs. It looks at present as though they would be left to pose for an indefinite period. The chastened grief of these martyrs does not touch the heart of the public; and their former followers lose no time in looking out for other jobs. We are beginning to think that the end of bossism is near at hand; and Puck, who has taken his part in the hunt, means to be in at the finish.

It is an old story, the failure of this Newark Bank, although the manner in which it is discussed in the newspapers would leave the impression that it was an unprecedented occurrence. We recollect reading something like it before, and we suppose from time to time we shall read of similar cases again. Bank failures, through the dishonesty of bank officers, are not exactly peculiar to America. They take place in England, in Scotland, in France, and other countries where all business is conducted on much sounder principles; but they certainly happen here with alarming frequency—so frequently, indeed, as to lead to the irresistible conclusion that something is radically wrong in our banking system. Here was this man Baldwin practically allowed to use, as he saw fit, hundreds of thousands of dollars of other people's money, without the slightest check on him.

Yet, there were Government bank-examiners and directors, and other officers of the bank, who, a fortnight ago, would have been prepared to swear that there was no sounder monetary institution in existence than the Mechanics' Bank of Newark, because ex-Cashier Baldwin told them so, and everybody had such perfect faith in him. The reasons given for the extraordinary confidence reposed in Baldwin are

not strong. It appears he had worked himself up from office-boy to cashier. From the position of cashier, as things now stand, he has an exceedingly good chance of working for several years to come in a jail, in some other capacity.

As events have proved, so far from this cashier, apart from his dishonesty, being qualified for his position, perhaps there was never a man employed in a bank more utterly unfitted for the post. It does not appear that he personally benefited to any great extent by taking the bank's money. He was as much, if not more, fool than knave—a person endowed by nature with intelligence enough for a street-sweeper or hod-carrier, but who, by some extraordinary combination of circumstances, found himself in charge of millions of dollars to amuse himself with as his fancy prompted him. A smart professional thief or forger as cashier, who had run off with a million of the bank's money, would have been preferable to this criminal dunderhead, who was apparently ready at all times to shovel the bank's money into the pockets of anybody who came along.

Of course Baldwin will be punished. Of course his church, of which, by the way, he was a most prominent member, will feel dreadfully scandalized at the disgrace put upon it, and of course the matter will be forgotten until the next collapse takes place, through similar proceedings on the part of another cashier of some other bank. But the directors and sufferers ought really to learn something by their experience. They ought to learn not to trust cashiers, especially conventionally religious cashiers. They ought to look upon Government bank-examiners as not useful and scarcely ornamental. They ought to look upon their clerks as human and not take statements on mere trust; and, above all, they ought to learn to direct the affairs of the bank in which they may be interested, and not permit any fool or scoundrel who may have their confidence to do it.

There may be a dozen banks at this present moment in this and other cities that are in no better condition than the wrecked Mechanics' Bank of Newark. Yet all seems well with them; for, have not the Government bank-examiners pronounced everything "all right" and the directors counted the cash? Perhaps this failure may suggest to directors the advisability of ignoring for a little the existence of their cashiers, or inducing them to take an extra vacation for a week or two. Then let the directors count the cash and examine the accounts for themselves, taking nothing for granted. Such a course, we feel quite assured, would lead to some exceedingly interesting discoveries. Some of those cashiers would prolong their vacations for an indefinite period. Our idea is a simple one, and should be carried out without a moment's delay.

The Yorktown festivities are over, and our French and German guests are about taking leave of the land of the free lunch and Bourbon whiskey. We wonder what their private opinion is of the country. They have certainly had opportunities for obtaining varied information in their travels. They do know something of our American thieves; at least, Mr. Lichtenstein does; but have they tasted of our lager? Have they reveled in the delights of a free lunch? Have they noticed the size of the feet of Chicago ladies? Have they seen and heard Beecher and Talmage, or admired the statues in Central Park; and have any of them been clubbed by a New York policeman? Unless they can answer these questions in the affirmative, we fail to see what they have gained by their visit.

HIRING AN OFFICE-BOY.

There are many things in this vale of tears that make us unhappy, fill our sensitive souls with sadness, and cause us to pine and languish like the plaid ulster that is hocked for all it is worth.

You can never tell, in this little life, what is going to lay your pleasures low as the rime-nipped hollycock, and cause you to pine in a dead-gold melancholy with *éru* flounces and green buttons. Sometimes it may be the refractory servant-girl, or it may be your daughter eloping with the coachman, or your son abandoning the base-ball field to become a preacher. All these things are painful in the extreme, but none or all of them would serve to make you much madder than was Mr. Judkins Thugby, the Beaver Street prune merchant, last Friday morning.

This merchant had been out of an office-boy for two weeks, and was in great need of one. He had looked in vain among his acquaintances to find one, and, as a last resort, put his advertisement in a down-town paper; and in the morning his office, his office steps, and his sidewalk were flooded with about as lively and miscellaneous a lot of boys as could well be gotten together. They came in answer to the advertisement. Advertising always pays: our terms will be kindly given over the counter by a young man in purple vesture and topaz ornaments.

For some reason or other Mr. Judkins Thugby, the Beaver Street prune merchant, failed to discover in that breezy company a boy who struck him as being the possessor of the rosary of virtues and accomplishments necessary to make him an efficient acolyte in a prune establishment.

The first boy, who had a sad face and Venetian red hair, stated that he had formerly been employed in a Gowanus glue factory; that his duties in said glue factory had been to dust off machinery, wash bottles, and bring beer for the workmen. He also stated that a great deal of the glue was made of hoofs and bones, and that he was often compelled to go, at night, on expeditions and capture goats to be worked up into the adhesive compound. He said that he was becoming more of a hunter than anything else, and was often shot at, and that his weight would often vary half a pound, according to the amount of duck-shot he received. Of course, he was coldly rejected, and shot through a back-door. The next boy said he wanted to get into business to escape the arduous quietude of the school-room. He said he was full of work, and wanted a position that would give him a chance to run. He was fond of adventure and liked to dive across streets under wagons and horses. He was always happy when in positions embodying lots of sanguinary peril to the square inch. He had never worked before, except on a canal-boat, in the capacity of cabin-boy, page, and mule driver. He used to have to sit on the mule, and that he didn't like. He preferred walking behind him, and playing a drum solo on his ribs with a fence rail; but to this Captain Smith wouldn't agree, and he gave up the profession, and went back to school, to wait for something to turn up. He was g. b'd.

Another boy said he left a lawyer's office because he heard his employers say things which he knew to be untrue.

He couldn't stay in a place where he knew such a state of things to exist, as he had been brought up on the model plan, and foddered on tracts from the time he could read and appreciate the fun of throwing stones at a neighbor's cat, and annexing the superannuated kettle on the house-dog's helm. He was sent away unengaged, and as soon as he was on the walk, he looked as tart as old cider, and soliloquized:

"If I had only had my own way, and not been compelled by my mother to work the George Washington, Sunday School lay, I would have been engaged sure, and have a good soft snap."

All the other boys failed, and the prune merchant is in a quandary, and at a loss to know what to do in the matter of renting a first-class, reliable boy.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CLXXXXVII.
FAMILY.



Ya-as, I have frequently remarked that there is nothing in this country that is worthy of the name of society; and every hour I remain he-ah I am maw than evah convinced of the wruth of my aw assertion.

Jack always said so, though he is occasionally pwejudiced; but I am free to confess that he is wight.

I have been faw an unconscionable perwiod twying to convince Mrs. Fitznoodle of this, and think that to some extent I have succeeded. But she always says:

"Fwancis, you know that one of my ancestahs signed the Declarwation of Independence, and anothah one was a mayor or a bishop or respectable lawyah or twadesman maw than a hundwed ye-ahs ago; besides, ye know, my de-ah, we are descended, on my fathah's side, from an arwistocwatic English family."

"Excuse me, my love," I would weply: "you are verwy nice and wefined, but you are not a bit maw respectable than hundweds of thousands of individuals now perwambulating the stweets, whose ancestahs were neithah mayors nor bishops nor signahs of the Declarwation of Independence, who are quite as respectable and well-bwed as you are, my de-ah cweachah. Somebody, at that wemote time, had to fill the offices and do such things, but these individuals were not of any highah standard than some people of the pwesent day who weside in ordinarwy Amerwican villages."

"Then you mean to say that I have no wight to think myself any bettah than the Wobinsons or the Wosicwucians, who were in twade in the last generation?"

"Ya-as, pweicisely; I may think you superwiah, because you are aw my wife, but these people are quite as worthy of respect and admirwation as any membahs of your family, or any othah family in Amerwica."

"Perwhaps you are wight, Fwancis."

"I know I am. I am generwally so aw. There is nothing maw offensive than to he-ah some of these widiculous and often vulgah New York families talking about their ancestwy, which, Jack says, is not worth a counterfeit bwass farthing. It is, Marguerwite, invarwiably an evidence of ignorwance aw caddishness, snobberwy and low-bweeding; and all who are guilty of the painfally wretched pwactice ought to be snubbed most fearfally."

Mrs. Fitznoodle always agwees with me now on this subject aw.

ADELINA PATTI wants ten dollars for the privilege of allowing anybody to hear her sing. Adelina will want ten dollars more than ever by the time she will have discovered that it is time to return to Europe. Cashier Baldwin, if he were not a little indisposed, would doubtless have bought up all the tickets.

Puckings.

PEOPLE are suffering from typhoid fever in parts of Illinois. To be Illinois them, and we don't wonder at it.

CASHIER BALDWIN, of Newark, may not have been weighed, but the balance was found wanting, by a large majority.

A CERTAIN hatter up-town has invented a celluloid tile, for the benefit of men who lose head-gear bets on the election.

WHILE a tramp was taking a sleep by a Jersey hedge, the other day, a goat came along and ate his overshoes right off his feet.

PREVIOUS to 1797 Italy was without a newspaper. Now it has more organs than it knows what to do with, and is obliged to send some of them over here.

THIS is the time of the year at which the long-headed, far-seeing woman cuts down the ex-army sky-blue overcoat to make her boy a set of Winter underclothes.

ALL the bar-tenders in the district of Mr. Astor, according to the *Sun*, speak highly of him. How could they do otherwise, when Mr. Astor is six feet in his stockings?

THEY suppress newspapers in Egypt for calling Mahomet a false prophet. If PUCK were published in the land of the Pharaohs, we should have to find euphemistic adjectives to apply to Vennor.

NEW JERSEY people have lost faith in the aphorism that "there is nothing like leather." It is proposed to amend it so that it may read: "There is nothing like Morocco leather for bursting a bank."

There is one advantage about being poor. A man is not likely to burst an aneurism from losing money on the Bourse.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

Nor is he likely to burst a bank from having an alveolar abscess.

It is estimated that there are but 1,385,000 souls in Siberia. We didn't think there were any souls in Siberia; we thought anything of that description was clean knocked out of everybody who went there.

There was a young man of La Cygne,
Who on a mule vented his splygne;
They made him a tomb,
Where the sunflowers bloom—
The mule still lives calm and serygne.

NOW THE maiden hunts for chestnuts
By the fern-embowered brooklet,
Where the scarlet leaves are falling
In a shower from the bough;
And 'tis fun to see her climbing,
Full of nervousness and hurry,
Through the briars, o'er the rail fence,
When she meets the brindled cow.

CANADIAN HANLAN, in a most unsportsmanlike manner, refuses to row Australian Trickett. Trickett simply called Hanlan a coward. We do not think Trickett can be a true Australian sport. If he were, he would have used much more expressive language, and sworn that he could pull faster than the "City of Rome" can steam. At least, that is the sort of thing we expect of Australian cricketers and the callow, modest European natives of that dependency of England born of convictism.

A RAMPANT REVERY.

The skies may smile, or the skies may frown,
 And the billows wear the rock;
 And the thunders crash, and the lightnings flash,
 And the earthquake wake its shock;
 And the flowers blow, and the lager flow,
 And the ulster pine in hock.
 Fond loves may roam 'neath the cobalt dome
 For seventy thousand moons,
 And act in a gay and languishing way,
 To prove that they are spoons;
 And on beds of dew may the bulldog chew
 Sir Romeo's pantaloons.
 Let the tom-cat howl on the garden fence,
 And dodge the flying brick;
 Let the dry-goods clerk remain at home,
 Pretending he is sick;
 Let the poet dream of a novel scheme
 For securing clothes on tick.
 But for me, oh! let me hie away
 Where I'll only have to dream,
 And lie in a hammock, and eat and loaf
 In a cot beside a stream,
 With a girl I know—I've forgotten all
 My poem, idea and theme.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

ASTOR'S ELECTORAL METHODS.

Mr. William W. Astor, of Murray Hill, has recently proven himself to be a man of method in every sense that the term implies. During the recent political canvass in this city he showed clearly that he is a wire-puller from Wirepullerville. Many of his dodges were characterized by a uniqueness, both of conception and execution, not to be despised, and other politicians would do well to look up to him, imitate him, and have him write a vest-pocket hand-book, setting forth the most feasible and effectual manner of conducting a campaign.

It is not at all likely that Mr. Astor would comply with such a request, inasmuch as he is like all other men, and wishes to profit himself by all that he has discovered by his own exertions.

One day last week he started out on foot to work in his own interest. He first put on an old suit of clothes and a slouch hat, to give himself a thoroughly Democratic appearance, and then trudged around to a cigar store, and told the dealer who he was. The cigar-man was not a little delighted, especially when the candidate bought a pocketful of cheap cigars, such as he could conscientiously present to 'longshoremen, street-sweepers and the miscellaneous order of guttersnipes that always vote the Democratic ticket.

Then he started down to the river, where he met a lot of stevedores and laborers, to whom he gave the cigars, after condoling with them on the present lamentable condition of Ireland. They went aboard a canal-boat, had a couple of rounds of the old stuff, after which the candidate for Congressional honors danced a break-down, and told them his grandmother was born in Limerick. He also said, if elected, he would do all he could to free Ireland, and trample on the tail of John Bull's duster—d'ye moind?

Then he left some money, and told them to be freemen and vote as often as possible.

After this he entered the hut of Mrs. Fergus McGrady, on the apex of a rock at the foot of Fortieth Street, E. R.

The McGrady was absent laying bricks, but would be home by noon for dinner. Mr. Astor said he would wait, as he believed the McGrady could and would do a great deal for him. So, while he was sitting in the hut, he sent out for a can of beer, and he and Mrs.

McGrady sat down and drank it, and smoked clay pipes and talked like old friends.

He even scratched the head of the family goat, and pretended to believe it was either an antelope or a musk-deer, he didn't know which. This little compliment tickled Mrs. McGrady greatly, but she was not lifted off her base until he told her her little child in the cradle looked like St. Patrick around the gills.

This made her jump and dance, and give a copy of the *Irish World* to the goat, who swallowed it whole without taking the bones out.

Then the McGrady arrived, and received, for his promised services, an excursion ticket to Ireland, and a note which would admit him to the great Guzzler-Bendigo dog-fight to take place next month, under the Marquis of Hastings rules.

He also gave him a year's subscription to a police paper, and enough to pay for a church-pew for a year. The McGrady promised him fifty votes, if he had to deposit them all himself.

Then Mr. Astor went and rubbed himself against ash-barrels to soil his clothes and give him the appearance of being humble, meek, and full of manhood.

When he would enter a saloon, he would affect the brogue of the crowd, and take the proper brand of liquor to harmonize with it. He kept the thing up for several days with great energy, and last night, by the time the returns began to pour in, he was so tired and broken up, that he couldn't sit in a chair without being chained and ballasted.

A MODEL CONFESSION.

I was once cashier of a bank. It was situated in Newark, New Jersey. I am no longer its cashier. It was too expensive a business; and I may remark that there is no longer a bank. I attribute the failure of the institution to my kindness and liberality. I have been noted for these qualities from childhood; it is hard for me to refuse anybody anything.

One day, a man, whom I knew slightly from the fact of our having patronized the same tailor, came to me in a state of great dejection, and said he had a worthy and phenomenal bull-terrier that could completely and unutterably vanquish any other specimen extant. I saw the man was considerably overwhelmed with anguish, and my heart went out unto him; and, in response to his passionate appeal, I gave him a few thousand dollars to establish his equanimity and back his illustrious beast. He thanked me profusely, and I heard a few months afterwards that the dog did not win. My friend never called to see me again. He was, probably, too much grieved at the utter annihilation of his favorite in the first round.

I charged these few thousand dollars to stationery and cat's-meat account. On another occasion I paid a man's fare in a horse-car. He came to see me at the bank in consequence, and asked if I had any money to lend. I said that I had none of my own, but I knew where there was a good supply. He told me he cared not from what source it came, so long as he got it. I then politely informed him that the whole bank was at his disposal. He simply wished to go into a speculation to buy up all the available white goats, dye them black, and sell their skins for Astrakhan fur. I don't know how much of the bank's money he used for this purpose, but it must have been considerably more than a million. I charged it to sundries. Whenever a church wanted its mortgage lifted, a young bride a pair of diamond solitaires, an orphan asylum a feed of chicken-salad, and any respectable man money to buy yachts, race-horses, cigars and Christmas presents, I freely gave—of the bank's funds. Am I, then, to be blamed and punished for my unexampled charity?

HORSECAR BALDTWIN.

AUTUMNAL.

There is nothing like the beauties of Autumn when you have a girl to help you find them. It seems that then they appear with more startling rapidity and effect than when you are totally alone.

A man doesn't naturally discover the poetry of the outfit on his own hook, because his mind sails out in quest of other things—things that are full of subtle reality and foaming over the brim with common sense.

When a girl walks through the wood alone she dreams of the beauty of ferns, and the music of the falling acorn, and the imperial tapestry of the maroon and dead-gold leaves. While she is working this little hand-me-down chromo for two dollars, including the frame, the young man in a similar position would be thinking of the prospect of a fall in the price of the three-ply, hardy-annual, medicated undershirt, with shield front.

While the maiden would snap the fern with her delicate fingers, and lay it aside for preservation in a dainty blue book, with gilt vine-work on the cover, the man would naturally think of getting into an adjacent turnip-field for the purpose of having a surreptitious banquet.

While the young lady would watch the playful squirrel and drink the flute-solo of the quail, unpedestaled by toast, and cut up chunks of moss to take home for window-sill gardening, the young man would sit down on a log and take a good long solid undisturbed smoke, and lose himself in a dream of the glory he might feel if he could only raise a big-checked, variety-actor ulster, covered with shining buckles and buttons the size of ready-made restaurant fish-balls.

It is being unable to possess two overcoats that breaks the average young man up, because to have two is to be considered as doing well in the world. And, besides, such a person is regarded as a sort of combination-bondholder and Czar, with a walk-into-the-theatre, lord-high-muckymuck attachment.

In the ever-lovely Autumn, when Nature sheds her foliage, and the young man sheds his low-cut, run-over-at-the-heel shoes, and the goat rubs himself against the stone wall, and feels sick because the flowers are getting too dry for his palate, and there is no sand-paper to eat—then is it that the young man out of work goes around and tells the candidate how many votes he can get him, and the honest candidate, in the fullness of his gratitude, presents the young man with a silver-plated urn—bought in quantities at a dollar a piece for the purpose—and the young man puts it in the collection of utensils set apart as prizes to be shot for by the Timothy Quiggin Association, of Harlem Flats.

No Autumn article is complete without an allusion to the small boy testing the green persimmon, and stealing his father's gun, and blowing off his thumb, and procuring cider through a straw, and shirking the harvest, and driving the tempestuous Durham bull to the church fair to capture the first prize, and the young lady working the clerical slippers and smoking-cap. So we have merely mentioned these things to make the article complete in all the details of its simplicity and picturesqueness.

WANTED.

At this office, immediately, a large, broad, iron-jawed goat of boundless voracity, who is active and intelligent, and can walk up the wall and go to sleep on the ceiling. Must be industrious, full of snap, gentle, pensive and not hypersensitive. Moral proclivities not so much an object as ability to eat all day long. The duties will simply be to devour the Autumn poems which are flowing into this office every day.

FOLLOWING THE TEXT.

She was a lady of progressive piety,
Who aired that subject to her friends' satiety
And wrought for their conversion.
For years the straight King James was all in all to her,
Till, late, strange words the rector had let fall to her
Of the revis-ed version.

Her infant daughter came. She made a promise
To friends, including baby's fat er, Thomas—
Although the child was weazen—
Her girl should be called Helen at its christening;
But when to the revis-ed she'd been listening,
She named the kid Hades-en!

JOHN ALBRO.

FREE LUNCH.

THEOCRITUS was the toney pastoral poet of his time.

MANY POLITICIANS' wounds are now healed in Salt Creek.

A SMALL BOY never goes fishing on Sunday with his father. He generally goes on his own hook.

CONFEDERATE BONDS and shares of the Mechanics Bank, of Newark, are about equally good investments.

THE LATEST intemperance song is called "You'll never miss the water while there's lager-beer to drink."

THERE is nothing in life more laughable and amusing, from an inartistic standpoint, than a man sewing a patch on his trousers or a woman nailing up a fence.

THE FOLLOWERS of candidates for aldermanic honors may not feel interested in the question of free speech and free press, but they are a unit on the question of free lunch.

NOW, EVERY newspaper in the country will howl: "Of course, cashier Baldwin was a church member." So he was; but, according to the *Sun*, he used to be a newspaper man, and that must have spoiled him.

NO, GENTLE GULNARE, "irrelevant" does not rhyme with "elephant" any more than "Concordia" rhymes with "Lucretia Borgia," and we wish you would kindly let up on us with your tender effusions. We are not on the effuse this week.

A PERSON IN Indiana, who says he is only twenty years old, sends in a poem in which he makes "distaff" rhyme with "mastiff." We don't like to be unkind, but we should think from the rest of the poem that the author was not more than three weeks old.

FROM AN ESTEEMED CONTEMPORARY.

"*** a brother, we believe, of one of the authors, who first petered out as a versifier in the picturesque pages of *St. Nicholas*." Wanted [badly] a Slang Dictionary. Apply at the office of the *Evening Mail*.

HER HANDS.

An outside poet sends in an effusion in which he alludes to a young lady, in which he says:
Those hands—ah, yes!—how soft and warm!
Twin doves, they nestle in her lap.

If the poem was founded on fact, it is not unlikely that her hands are like starch-boxes, and are scarred from coming in contact with all kinds of housework, from wrestling with the matutinal stove to muzzling the refractory bulldog.

A LEAF FROM CLASSIC HISTORY.



"And when the Ten Thousand came in sight of the sea, they were moved with a great joy, and clashed their shields together, and with one accord fell each upon the neck of the other, crying: 'Thalatta, Thalatta!'"

All except Xenophon, who stood around, beastly particular, and remarked: "Or Thalassa; either is correct."

WE ARE.

A writer in a Western paper asks the question: "Are we mortals?" We are; we are very mortal from our heads down, and we can prove it. We never refuse free passes; we never fail to ask questions on subjects which do not concern us; we never return umbrellas, but borrow all we can; we run for ferryboats as though running for our lives; and we are never absent from the office on the day when the cashier smilingly slams down the stipendiary shekels.

ABOUT DANIEL.

A teacher, last Sunday, was telling a class of boys the story of Daniel in the lions' den, when a freckled boy, with a scar on his face and one suspender, pushed a good-sized quid of fine-cut against the roof of his mouth, and remarked:

"How much did he get for it?"

"He received no compensation," remarked the teacher, in tones which made clear her great horror.

"A free show?" inquired the boy, excitedly.

"It was no show at all," replied the teacher, who thought he was skeptical, and continued: "don't you believe Daniel went among the lions without being hurt?"

"Yes," said the boy: "for I saw that snap worked at a circus last week, but it was no free graft; the man gets seventy-five a week and expenses!"

When the Christmas presents are dealt out this year that boy will not apprehend the cream-cake by a very large majority.

A Custom House young man,
A muchly-assessed young man;
A semi-political,
Position-ly critical,
No beer this month young man.

A State Committee young man,
A two-bit cigar young man;
An assessment-collecting,
Extortion directing,
Champagne swilling young man.

IN PREPARATION:
PUCK'S ANNUAL
For 1882.

A TERRIBLE TALE.

It was the mate of the porgy brig,
He swore a terrible oath
That he would dance a fancy jig
On one of the pigs, or both.
He swore by the cat with seven tails,
Till the porpoise looked quite blue,
By the big horn spoon, and sundry whales,
That he this thing would do.
And he called the starboard watch, ahoy!
And the larboard watch called he,
To bring him a spike and an anchor buoy,
And the ring of the wind at sea.
And he put the ring in his weather-ear,
And the spike in his port-side nose;
And we hailed the action with a cheer
And brought him his Sunday clothes.
And he donned his vest and Sunday hat,
But his coat he would not touch;
Then he greased his shoes with unctuous fat,
Till we thought them oiled too much.
And he cried: "What cheer?" and "Avast ye, there!"
And we all avasted then;
And each man grasped his starboard hair
As the pigs came from the pen.
And we moored them safe by the cross-tree hatch,
Where the fore-peak rose serene;
And then, with a safety parlor-match,
Ignited the kerosene.
And the boatswain grumbled, as well he might,
And the doldrums drew anear;
And we saw the day break into the night,
For the sky was blue and clear.
And then, with a whistle, the mate began,
And his feet like lightning flew;
And a shiver along our spinals ran,
But the pigs made no ado.
And ever and on the mate's feet went,
Like the roll of a rolling chain,
And his whistle with the wild winds blent,
And swept far across the main.
And he danced from the early break of day,
When the cock began to crow—
Danced on till both of his shoes gave way,
At the heel as well as the toe.
And both of the pigs all quiet laid,
And never a word they said—
For one of them of iron was made,
And the other was made of lead.

W. F.

THREE FISSURES.

A LONG WAY AFTER KINGSLEY.

Three fissures went opening out to the East,
Past the East Wall, as the shaft went down,
And as they opened the ore increased,¹
And the news went spreading all over town.
For men must work while the world's asleep,
And the bullion yield must increase to keep
The stock at the Bay a-booming.

Three bankers sat in Nevada block,
And they told their wealth as the sun went down—
Their wealth in bullion, and wealth in stock—
And read the news from Virginia town.
For miners work while the world's asleep,
And the bullion yield must increase to keep
The stock at the Bay a-booming.

Three brokers stood in the noisy street,
And they cursed their luck as the stock went down;
Each hour their ruin was more complete,
And nothing came from Virginia town.
For miners must work while the world's asleep,
And men must starve, and women must weep,
And stock is seldom booming.

G. H. JESSOP.

THE GOBBLER.

The gobbler now wanders around the barn-yard, and puts on lots of style. He throws his head back, like a bookkeeper whose salary has just been raised, and flaps his wings as though trying to put them in the arm-holes of a four-dollar-check-vest, after the manner of the swell young Spartans who think they adorn the vestibule of every theatre in the city.

The gobbler does not know that his days are numbered, and that he will shortly be filled with bread and sage and stuff, and brought to a state of epicurean perfection in an oven. If he knew it, he wouldn't put on quite so much circus-band-wagon style. He wouldn't lay his feet down so heavy, and he wouldn't ruffle his feathers up, and spread his tail out like Lady Pompadour's fan, and swell along like a two-hundred-and-fifty-pound prima donna in a black silk dress.

If he for a moment knew that he is shortly to be butchered, to make a national holiday, and have his feathers husked off, and be prospected from stem to stern with a carving-knife, and have his hurricane deck cut away, and his wings converted into brushes and wedded to the dust-pan, he would not be half so self-important. He would not glide along so much like a gondola, and look as fierce as any Pasha on or off a chow-chow bottle. Nor would he attempt to throw his head back over his tail and walk straight, and try to look big, fat and David Davisful.

He would, instead, refuse the choice food offered him, and endeavor to starve himself to death, like the insane murderer. And he would also try to look haggard, despondent and sad, and yearn with phenomenal intensity for a good, solid dose of anti-fat twice a day.

Every time the urchin of the establishment sees the old gobbler wander around, he thinks of him in the light of a great treat, for he is always in his mind identified with the three crack meals of the year. He thinks of the fun he will have with his drumsticks, and how he will dry the wish-bone over the door—for the small boy is reeking with pleasant superstitions, even in the matter of turkeys.

He thinks how he used to reach up in the tree with a pole and knock this identical gobbler and his little sisters off their perches, just for the fun of the thing; and he recollects how his father caught him at it once, and beat him like a canal mule, and left him for dead on the field.

But now he entertains only the kindest feelings for his quondam object of fun. He regards him in the sacred light of a juicy meal, and he even feels sad when he thinks how soon his

proud crest will be stretched in the dust, and illustrate the briefness of all terrestrial things turkeyful and human; and while a tear may or may not steal down his soiled cheek, the old gobbler struts off by the corn-crib, happy and contented in the ignorance of his impending fate. Utterly unconscious of the fact that he will shortly be wrapped in a mantle of nothingness, and that in a fleet fortnight he will have to face his tearful seraglio, and get off his little *moriturus salutamo*.

A PROPOSITION.

NEW YORK CITY,
November 2nd, 1881.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

Your reply to "N. E. Mesis's" postal-card has my distinguished approbation, so far as the biting sarcasm and humane sympathy for lunacy therein evinced is concerned, but fails entirely to do him and his crazy ravings justice.

Now, I can offer you a gorgeous opportunity for getting even with him.

I am one of those happy beings known as doctors, consequently my life is one unending round of happiness and bliss. Money flows into my coffers unasked for and unearned, and but one cloud overshadows my entire freedom from the cares flesh is heir to.

This cloud is the number of Irish patients that come to my office to spend their spare time. They appreciate my loneliness and will sit for hours telling me of their sorrows, joys and pains, occasionally enlivening proceedings by holding a miniature Donnybrook Fair in the outer office.

Now, Mr. Editor, my plan is this:

Send Mr. N. E. Mesis along right away. I will take him as a clerk or student, gladly and without charge, and he shall sit and enjoy the dulcet tones of his countrymen and countrywomen from daylight even unto dark.

I guarantee that within a month he will have joined the "Anti-Irish" League, and have returned to his PUCK cleansed and in his right mind. Ever of thee. "ENEMESIS."

NOT DEAD.

ABOVE the window on the wall,
Around the timepiece, ancient, tall,
Mosquitoes seem to linger still,
In spite of Autumn's sudden chill;
But do not think their sting has fled,
Oh, do not name them with the dead.

Because, as soon as lost in sleep,
And o'er your soul soft visions creep,
They come down like a host of foes,
And fondly light upon your nose,
And dodge your ineffectual blows,
As every man in Jersey knows.

BORROWING A HINT FROM THE SENATE.



VENERABLE SINNER: "If we're really going to have an Experience Meetin' an' confess our Sins, I move we clear the galleries, close the doors, and go into Executive Session!"

SEE WORCESTER.

MY COLD-WATER LOVE.

As looks the Turk upon the Giaour,
As beats the storm upon the Fliaour,
So glared her eye—
And know you why?
Because I sucked a Whiskey Siaour.

**

There was a bold patriot, Meagher,
Who said: "Are you going feagher?"
When I got up so nigh
I could look in his eye,
I said: "No, only just to the ceagher."

C. H. FOWLER.

A wicked young fellow named Brougham,
Was accustomed to get drunk in his rougham;
When his landlord said: "Here,
Out of this you must clear."
He is now on a trip up the flougham.

A crew from Cornell went abroad,
Themselves they did mightily load;
They were licked like Gehenna
At a place called Vehenna,
And they all returned home yelling "froad!"

JAKE.

In the quaint old town of Cadiz,
Dwelt some very peculiar ladiz;
As good sisters should,
They went about doing good,
Instead of raising particular Hadiz.

A young man went out for a row,
To be gone, say, an hour or so;
Alas! now his bones
Are with Davy Jones,
While for the use of the boat he doth oow.

If for painting I had any knaque,
I'd decorate a big wooden plaque,
To such a degree
All critics might see
That naught for perfection I'd laque.

O. SADBOY.

A man from the town Londonderry,
Who was quite too awfully very,
The flow'r of the sun
Made this son-of-a-gun
Quite joyful, and dreadfully merry.

There was a young laddy from Youghall,
Who went to a big fancy boughall,
Who thought he would dance
If he had any chance,
But he didn't have any at oughall.

There was an old actor from Zatecz,
Who tried to play juvenile patecz;
But his cues he would miss,
And people would hiss,
So now he drives scavengers' catecz.

There was an old soldier of Szany,
Who started a foot-race to rany,
For a fifty-cent prize,
Which was not very wise,
Since he weighed very nearly a tany.

Will some one please give the receipt,
How the wicked oft thrive by deceit;
While good men and true,
Can hardly pull thrue,
Though armed with all virtues compleit?

I sat by the side of the ocean,
And tortured myself with this nocean:
If a ship isn't taut,
Can she sail as she aut,
With the winds and the waves in commocean?

A LITTLE KING OF ILLYRIA.

They rasp ecstatic on the agglomerate fiddle,
The sons of thee, O Pan, Saturnian goat!
With counter-jumper graces, down the middle
Frisks Clems, tight of breech, curtailed of coat.

The very waiters catch the gaseous gladness
As, like militia adjutants, they prance,
And ever crescent is a moon of madness—
All dance and drink, and then all drink and dance.

Why sit I lone, with ashen brow and clammy,
The while abstracted in my pockets flutter?
And why's this wild unexpurgated damme
The mildest of the monody I nutter?

And wherefore do these well-dyed digits tremble
To utter ruin of my *papiers mais*?
Why do I gulp, and not, as used, dissemble
To sip this Aetnian tap for which I pay?

Why do I thrum, and do not know I'm thrumming?
She said she wasn't, which is less than *nil*,
For therefore do I know that she is coming,
And that she'll bring at least her photo bill.

She'll wag, in time, her elbows gold-brocaded,
She'll toss, in time, her feather-turbaned head,
Till with my brains my blood has galloped,
And sits an ass here in a mortal's stead.

Thou playedst the goose, O Jupiter, to Ledis;
Thou wert a fool, Jack Falstaff, this is plain;
Fathered by Zeus, not yet extinct the need is—
She's come—the deuce to pay now—in champagne!
CAPTAIN FRACASSE.

AMUSEMENTS.

"Les Cloches de Corneville," under the management of Mr. James C. Scanlon, is being played at the METROPOLITAN CASINO.

Haverly's European Mastodon Minstrels have been succeeded by "Deacon Crankett," at HAVERLY'S FOUR TEENTH STREET THEATRE.

Mr. J. K. Emmett is at HAVERLY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE with his "Fritz in Ireland." He is as popular as ever, in spite of his proverbial escapades.

HAVERLY'S FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE is still occupying itself with Robson and Crane, who now appear in "Sharps and Flats," after having done justice to "Twelfth Night."

To-night Adelina Patti gives her first concert at STEINWAY HALL, so that the public who desire to know PUCK's opinion of the—well, young woman's voice, will have to wait until next week.

"Cinderella at School" has been revived at DALY'S THEATRE. All who want to pass a pleasant evening should go and see it before "The Passing Regiment" is produced, which will be shortly.

What can we say about "Patience," which is still drawing huge audiences at the STANDARD THEATRE? Nothing but that it is likely to continue to draw people to hear it for a long time to come.

On Saturday night last Miss Florence Copleston played the piano classically at CHICKERING HALL, assisting Blanche Roosevelt in a concert, together with Signor Lazarini (tenor), and Mr. Carlos Hasselbrink (violinist).

Mlle. Juliette Laurance is a *Chanteuse Internationale* from "les Folies Bergères," Paris, and, with "The Ladies' Philharmony," Mlle. Julia de Bertrand, the Tyrolean Warblers, make a very attractive entertainment at KOSTER & BIAL'S.

Mr. Hanlon-Lees, at the PARK THEATRE, has introduced some new business in "le Voyage en Suisse," which makes that amusing piece funnier than ever. Miss Emily Keane, who succeeds Miss Randolph as leading lady, plays well and sings charmingly.

Mr. Mapleson's Opera Company, at the ACADEMY OF MUSIC, has been getting through a varied programme during the past week. Ferni repeated her success in "Mignon." M. Prévost, the new tenor, has already made a reputation by his performance of *Manrico*, in "il Trovatore," which is to be sung again to-night. Friday Mlle. Vachot makes her second appearance in "Lucia di Lammermoor." "Mignon" is announced for the matinée on Saturday next.

Our verdict on Mrs. Burnett's play of "Esmeralda," at the MADISON SQUARE THEATRE, is decidedly favorable. There is, literally, not a dull line in it, and it promises to draw crowded houses until Gabriel sounds his trumpet. The acting is all that can be desired; Mrs. Agnes Booth, Mr. Leslie Allen, Miss Annie Russell, Mr. Thomas Whiffen and Mr. Eben Plympton specially distinguishing themselves in their respective parts. The impersonations of Miss May Gallagher and Miss Kate Denin Wilson are also noteworthy. The stage-setting is superb.

NOT AT ALL THE SAME THING.



GRANT:—"Now, Chester, my boy, we shall have a great chance to promote the Third Term!"
ARTHUR:—"Hum—ha—yes—but, you see, General, I've only just begun my *first*. Time enough for that when I'm well into my *SECOND*!"

The Italian tragedian, Rossi, is now giving a series of his Shakspearean performances at BOOTH'S THEATRE. That Rossi is a very fine actor cannot be denied; although some of the critics seem to be at loggerheads about the poetic quality of the reading. His *Othello* is powerful; his *Romeo* thoughtful and finished, if it be a little fat. His *Hamlet* is simply a remarkable performance, and will do much to establish his reputation in this country as a great actor. Those who have seen Salvini ought to be all the more anxious to compare him with Rossi, who is, unquestionably, one of the most scholarly artists who have ever visited this country. On Friday next Rossi plays *King Lear*.

Answers for the Anxious.

FRANCO-AMERICAN.—Thank you.

E. T. F., 4195.—We look toward you.

HASELTINE.—She can not tell what this love may be.

W. U.—You need a whole college course to prepare you for writing "Patience" poetry. Try to get a job at brick-laying.

F. R. R. L.—Your joke was too old to stand by itself. We have put it in the waste-paper basket, where there are others of the same sort to hold it up.

BILLY BALAAM.—A little more of such humor as yours, and we shall give you a lesson which will teach you something that is *not* a joke.

S. P.—We don't want any Guiteau literature. We don't wish to disturb your self-complacency; but you seem to be a pretty fair specimen of literary crank yourself.

NEDDY.—Put yourself up at auction and be sold, if any one will buy you, for the benefit of the Michigan sufferers. The proceed might possibly relieve $\frac{1}{97}$ of a small sufferer.

G. M. K., Canisteo, N. Y.—You do not amount to much as a funny poet; but we will match you for \$50 to fight with a bulldog, and we don't care if we lose the money, either.

ELLIPSIS.—Your batch of poems arrived just in time. We gave them to a small boy in the street, and he reports that they made a first-class bonfire. Yet we should scarcely have expected it of them.

C. E. RANSIER.—Your intention deserves our thanks; but in this particular case, you are unjust to the mortuary organ referred to. The cartoons appeared simultaneously, so that for once our E. but gloomy C. was original. We suppose it could n't help it.

REJECTED ADDRESSES.

[NEW SERIES.]

LINES DEDICATED TO THE REJECTED COLUMN DEPARTMENT.

Dear PUCK, with joy we sing and dance,
To hear that you give us a chance
To let the world and Heaven know
How many fools are here below.

FOR THE REJECTED COLUMN.

Now doth the politician count
The times he had to treat,
And adds it to the gross amount
It cost him to get beat.

"INCOG."

NOVEMBER.

This is November, people and the almanacs
Assert, and so my vision tells me as I gaze
Around upon the dreary, devastating tracks
Of Winter's herald, tramping through the Autumn days.

"This is November," sings the seasonable poet,
With voice of mournful cadence, in the chilling winds:
"This is November, I would you all should know it,
And Winter 'll soon peep in at your icicled blinds."

This is November, then—on the time we've agreed,
And to doubt it would be particularly rash;
Oh, that to question there were *not* as little need,
My "uncle" has my ulster, and I am out of cash!

There once was a Turk who ate tenpenny nails,
He weighed out a pound every morn in his scales,
Another at noon; and at night, say the tales,
He woke up the harem with terrible wails
For more of his favorite tenpenny nails.

It happened, at last, that this terrible Turk
Got so heavy and stout he could do no more work;
So they put in his nails a dangerous dirk,
Which he swallowed without a squeak or a squirk,
And cried out for more, did this terrible Turk.

"If diet like that," said they all: "cannot make
Him sick, why, then, what the deuce Ottoman take?"
"I know," said one: "what will give him the grand
shake,"

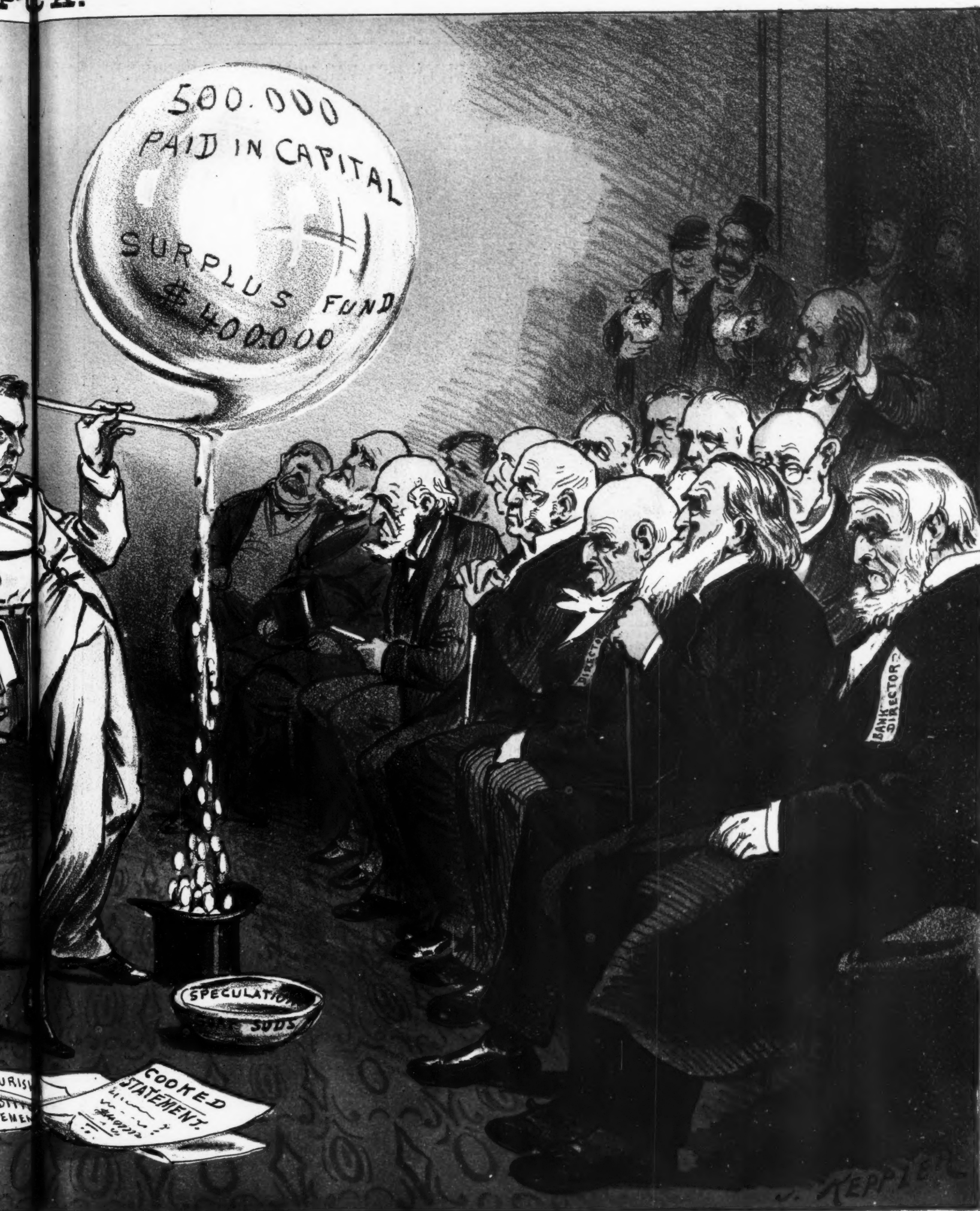
And he forthwith procured a boarding-house steak—
The terrible Turk sleeps, and 'll nevermore wake.

G. W. C.



BROKEN BANKS—DEFAULTING CASHIERS—N. GEN.

PUCK TO REPRESENTATIVE OF THE LAW:—"You have got the thief—the me"



S—N AGENT DIRECTORS—WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?
 chief—the men who let him steal the money of the trusting depositors.”

CIRCUS ET RUSTICUS.

A TEMPERANCE TALE.

There was a gallant rustic
(His name was Jacob Hill),
Who went to see the circus
At North Potatoville.

Oh, happy is the maiden
Upon her bridal morn,
And happy bards whose temples
Apollo's bays adorn;
But happiest is the rustic,
Dressed in his Sunday clothes,
Who starts at early daybreak,
And to the circus goes;
Who has his corn all planted,
His "taters" all in hills,
And rustles in his pocket
The verdant dollar bills.

But there are many dangers
For rustics such as he,
For wicked men sell liquors
Which harm sobriety;
And our bucolic hero
Imbibes them plenteously,
And, while the crowd make merry,
He institutes a riot,
And is put out because he
Refuses to keep quiet.
So, since he is disorderly,
And makes a fearful stir thus,
Behold, poor Jacob Hill fired out—
Ejected from the circus!

He now partakes of two bumpers filled level,
And quickly becomes a most horrible devil;
He breaks in shop-windows and smashes street-lamps,
He surpasses the deeds of most profligate tramps;
And this course of destruction he finally stops
Only when he is seized by a couple of cops.

Who can resist the police,
Or whip them, or make them shrink?
Who can cheat them as with sells?
Who can bribe them as with chink?
Who can punch them as with fists?
Not any one, as I should think.

In a moment they grasp him and bind him
With bracelets of Bessemer steel,
And fasten his "mauleys" behind him.
In spite of his boozy appeal
For some little mercy,
They answer: "Oh, curse ye,
The police court's compassion you'll feel."

And so they leave him trying hard to slum-
Ber, and get over his large dose of rum.
But he consumes the night in execrations,
The natural result of his potations.

Oh, beauteous Aurora,
When thou abroad dost pour a
Roseate glow,
Say, dost thou know
Thou seldom find'st one more a
Prey to the shakes
Than the man who wakes
From a solid drunk, Aurora?

Next morning into court our hero thrust is,
And cowers before the *jus*-adjusting Justice.

The clerk reads the indictment
Against him who last night went
Upon a spree,
Spoilt property,
And raised a great excitement.

"Jacob Hill, be
You, sir, guilty?"

"I be," said wretched Jacob, and, as a last resort,
He cried: "Oh, Jedge, I throw myself on the mercy of
the Court;

Hereafter, if ye'll let me off, I'll act jst as I ought."

"You are a pretty fellow," replied the Judge: "by
thunder,
If you throw yourself upon this Court, this Court will stand
from under;
I'll teach you not to make again a homogeneous blunder."

So saying, the Justice took up a quill pen,
And, having made figures, he dropped it again.
Said he: "Jacob Hill, after consideration,
And assistance obtained from a close calculation,
This Court doth award that ere you go hence
You be fined seven dollars and twenty-five cents,

ADVANCE OF ELECTRICITY.—ITS AVAILABILITY IN CHURCHES.



SHOWING HOW THE DULLEST PREACHER MAY OBTAIN COMPLETE CONTROL OVER HIS AUDIENCE,
AND PREVENT SLEEPING BY MERELY TOUCHING A KNOB.

Which will warn you to choose some more fit occupation
Than that of indulging in intoxication;
And ten dollars more, which will show you what harm is
The result of resisting police *vi et armis*.
The costs are five dollars—so please to disburse 'em,
Else *cite Justitia capiat cursum*,
And we shall proceed to lay hands on your body,
Which for thirty-one days will an inmate of quod be.
Moreover, whereas, in your late jamboree,
You damaged maliciously much property;
The money to settle things please to pass o'er,
Which comes to six dollars and forty cents more.
So, the total amount of your blow-out's expense
Is twenty-eight dollars and sixty-five cents;
And the moral of this—which I hope is a warning—
Is: Never get drunk—it's expensive next morning."

Said Jacob: "Sir, at present
Pay dollars five I can;
But let me go—I'll pay the rest
On the instalment plan."

The Justice scowled with anger;
What game is this?" said he:
"Pray, do you think that you can gull
A sapient Judge like me?"

To punish you, sir, I shall certainly task all
The powers of the law, you impenitent rascal!
Am I to allow insignificant vermin
To put up a job on the judicial ermine?
I'll teach you the fact, your presumption to humble,
That Municipal Judges to all rackets tumble.
Here, jailor, I'll bring this young man to his senses:
Incarcerate him for as much as *tres menses*.
If again he disgraces the form of a man thus,
I vow that I'll have him sent up for an *annus*!"

It irks to tell
How it befell

That Jacob's father came to his relief;
He swore and sulked,
Yet paid his mulct,

And took him home, full of chagrin and grief,
And, though his son was very meek to him,
For several days would hardly speak to him.
At home, alas, our hero's reputation
Was subject to severe vituperation,
And at tea-parties all the pious ladies
Declared that he was on the road to Hades.

MORAL.

Don't go to the circus—but, if you must go,
Confine your amusement to seeing the show.
Be sure and avoid all non-temperance shops,
Shun spirituous liquors, the courts and the cops!

M. P.

MARRIED MISERIES.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR PUCK, BY ARTHUR LOT.

No. XVII.—Mrs. Lot's Dogs.

The fact that there are so many kinds of
dog and so few kinds of sausage is a frightful
commentary upon the inventive powers of man.
Why, even the well-marked breeds of the dog
family are numerous, and when we come to the
hybrid classes, called, in the classic language
of the street-boys, ki-yoodles, we are astonished
at their numbers. Once upon a time, business
called me to a little town on Long Island which
was peopled chiefly by Germans. Every house-
hold owned at least one dog, and they were all
of the real Dutch style; that is to say, a long
round creature with a long round tail and very
short legs. It was the true sausage breed, and
yet, as I gazed upon the animals, it seemed to
me that they offered opportunities for a dozen
kinds of sausages.

Mrs. Lot has always been fond of dogs. In
that she differs entirely from me, for I thoroughly
and heartily dislike canines of every species,
whether in the natural state or disguised as the
succulent bologna. I never could understand
why she liked the creatures. She was married
early, and our child was born within a reason-
able time after our wedding. Now, a dog may
do well enough for an old maid's baby—may, in
fact, be necessary for the happiness of that for-
lorn female; but why a married woman, pos-
sessing a good-looking husband who is willing
to be hugged, and owning a real meat baby,
should hanker after a dog, passes my compre-
hension. Such, however, is the perversity of
female human nature, that Mrs. Lot, though she
is furnished with the necessary hugging material
and knows that I dislike the creatures, must
have a dog to fondle.

She has had, in the course of her career,
quite a variety of dogs, for the reason that all
her dogs have developed an unaccountable
and, to her, mysterious way of suddenly disap-
pearing or dying without saying farewell. I
have never attempted to explain those takings-

off philosophically, but they certainly have had an air of mystery about them.

I well remember her first dog. We had been married but a short time when, one evening, in dulcet tones she remarked:

"I wish that you would bring me home a dog."

"Oh, certainly," responded I, cheerfully: "of course."

"A nice little black-and-tan."

"To be sure," said I.

We had not yet taken each other's measure at that time. Mrs. Lot did not speak in the off hand way in which she now delivers her edicts, and I was not as much afraid of a circus in the house as I now am. However, I did not bring the dog. The excuses which I presented, day after day, for my forgetfulness would have delighted the gentleman who insisted that language was invented to conceal one's thoughts. Finally, one evening, when I reached my home, there was a dog. I made no inquiries about him, and Mrs. Lot vouchsafed no explanations; but the dog was a reality.

I endured that dog for about a week. Mrs. Lot grew so fond of him that she would have him in our bedroom. That disgusted me. One morning I rose, as the poets say, with the lark—that is, if the lark gets up in that part of the day when you are not sure whether your eyes are shut or the sun is still engaged in beaming on China, but you are certain you cannot distinguish the end of your proboscis from an ink-spot. Mrs. Lot was snoring the sleep of the happy. The dog also was busily engaged in nestling in the arms of Morpheus; he was resting on a chair. I lifted up that chair carefully and carried both chair and dog out of the room. When I had reached the lower regions, I fastened the dog to a fence, and took the chair back to our bedroom. Then the dog and I took an early morning stroll. We walked down the street to the East River, and then strolled down to the end of a dock. Quite absent-mindedly, I tied a large stone to the end of the string by which I had led the dog there. That creature would stand on the very end of the dock, in order to drink in the fresh morning air and admire the beauties of Nature. What was to be expected? I stumbled against the stone, and it went overboard, accompanied by the dog. I cried for help at the bottom of my voice, but no one came, and so the dog was drowned. When I reached home I forgot to mention that accident. In fact, I could never see any use in harrowing up one's feelings by detailing one's misfortunes. I believe Mrs. Lot suspected that I had intentionally made away with her purp, but she was not well enough acquainted with me then to charge every unpleasant incident in our life to my machinations.

We went along quite happily for a month, and then her second dog appeared. This creature disliked me so heartily, and had such a wide-awake way about him, that I really feared I should never succeed in disposing of him. However, I made the acquaintance of a young man who resided in the house that adjoined our then residence. One day he was bragging about a noiseless gun that he had purchased.

"Why," said he: "I can sit here in my window and pop a cat on the fence, and no one, not even the cat, will know what hit her."

At that moment I looked out of the window. Mrs. Lot's dog was in our back-yard alone.

"By the way," said I: "there's a dog in our yard that annoys us constantly. Can you slaughter that beast?"

"Certainly," he replied.

He raised the gun to his shoulder and fired. Not a breath of noise was heard, yet the dog, undoubtedly surprised at his own performance, flopped over on his side and shuffled off the mortal coil. Of course there was a terrible time in our house. Mrs. Lot does not believe

in strokes of Providence, but the death of this dog looked like an affair of that sort. When she saw how industriously I dug the dog's grave under our solitary currant-bush, and how tenderly I placed its body beneath the sod, she never suspected that I had had a hand in its destruction.

It would be an almost endless task for me to describe all the dogs which Mrs. Lot saw fit to bring into our home. I am ready to offer a prize for any variety of flea which has not fed upon my person. Curiously enough, all the canines disappeared mysteriously, either by death or in some other inscrutable manner, and, curiously enough, Mrs. Lot always charged these mysterious departures of her pets on me. If she could be believed, I am the best man in the United States to fill the position of keeper of the dog-pound.

When we moved to our present home in the rural regions we had no dog, but Mrs. Lot soon filled that vacancy in our household circle. Scarcely had we got warm in our new home before Mrs. Lot brought in a dog. This time it was a pug. When I came home one evening and found the beast guarding my front door so vigilantly that I was compelled to roost on the piazza railing until Mrs. Lot came out and controlled her canine, I scowled viciously.

"Now," said Mrs. Lot, sternly: "that dog is of a very choice breed, and I don't want it to die or disappear mysteriously."

"Providence, my dear," remarked I: "is inscrutable in its dealings with dogs."

"That's all very well," said Mrs. Lot: "that dog will escape all the dangers which naturally beset his path if you let him alone."

"My dear," urged I: "how can—"

"There, don't burden your conscience," interrupted she: "I have resolved that if that dog should disappear I will buy six dogs, and as fast as they disappear fill up the gaps in their ranks."

"Surely," said I—

"Oh, I know," interrupted she: "but I mean what I say."

Plainly a mysterious disappearance on the part of that creature would not have been of any value to me. The beast was a catankerous one, too. It would have delighted me to have cheered that dog's stomach with a dose of prussic acid; but what would have been the use, for Mrs. Lot is a woman of her word? The creature soon developed a faculty of snapping and snarling at everybody but my wife, and yet I despaired of bringing his mortal career to a proper conclusion.

See how the unexpected happens in this world! I did not dare to dispose of that dog surreptitiously, and so it came to pass that Mrs. Lot requested me to send him to that bourne whence dogs return not. It happened in this manner: I took great delight in worrying that beast with a cane. One day I had annoyed him until he was almost frantic, and he rushed away from me and ran up-stairs. It happened that my mother-in-law was in her bedroom, making her second toilette. She had accidentally left the door on a crack, and the dog entered the room. Now, my mother-in-law was in a sort of fatigue costume, and yet she saw fit to play with that dog. My mother-in-law is decidedly elephantine in her play. Now, that dog had been worried by me until he was in a state of rage, and instead of looking upon my mother-in-law's antics as sport, he received them solely as an annoyance. Finally he sprang at her, and planted his teeth in her ca—in that part of her person located between her ankle and her knee.

You can venture to bet the trade-dollar which you are saving for the Fourth of July that then there was a time. My mother-in-law howled as if my whole family had been struck by lightning at one time. My wife rushed to my mother-in-

law's assistance, and I was sent for the doctor. The wound was properly burned and dressed, but I talked assiduously of the horrors of hydrophobia. I informed them that my mother-in-law might die of that dreadful disease at any moment. Of course I knew that no such good luck could come to me. Mothers-in-law don't die so easily, and I am thoroughly convinced that mine will live long enough to shed crocodile tears at my funeral. However, I frightened my wife and my mother-in-law. I insisted that if that dog should live to be a hundred years old, and should at any time during his existence have the hydrophobia, my mother-in-law would imitate a euchre-player and follow suit.

"I wish," said Mrs. Lot to me that evening, "that you would kill that dog."

"No, my dear," said I: "I can't. That dog is at liberty to bite my mother-in-law daily. I'll take care that he doesn't chew on my epidermis; but, if you should get six dogs, I might be bitten at any moment."

"I never shall keep another dog," said she, sadly.

Undersuch circumstances I could not refuse; and so, for the first time in my life, I disposed of one of Mrs. Lot's canine favorites openly.

Mrs. Lot has not yet purchased another dog. I have a friend who is connected with a daily newspaper, and he saves me all the exchanges which contain stories about people who have died of hydrophobia. Whenever I think Mrs. Lot is hankering after a poodle, I take out one of these papers and read her a story about hydrophobia. Of what account is a little trouble like that compared with the perpetual annoyance of a dog?

I may add that my mother-in-law did not go mad—that is to say, she is no madder since that adventure with the "purp" than she was before. I think, however, that in the future, when she is clad, so to speak, not in armor, she will see that her door is locked.

THE Earl of Dunraven has been arrested in Caledonia for shooting moose without a license. We are not sorry for the Earl. He should have caught his moose and droon'd it, like other decent Caledonians, or hunted it wi' a kat.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

BABY'S APPEAL.

"What makes I cry and folks says Ize naughty?"

Cause stomach ache, and sour in my mouffy;

Cause, too, can't sleep, and worms bites ze belly;

"Fever," za say, feel like I was jelly.

Guess your babies cry, Dick and Victoria,

When mama's gone, and don't have CASTORIA.

"You're right, they fairly yell." There, Uncle Cy;

Cousin Frank have CASTORIA, he don't cry.

The United States Navy, we know, is in a bad way, and the fortifications of New York harbor are not sufficient to stop the progress of a fleet of modern ironclads; but things are not quite so bad, let us hope, as an ex-officer of our naval service tries to make us believe in the current number of FICTION. The tale is of the "Battle of Dorking" order, and shows that in consequence of the arrest of the wrong man by Federal officials, Spain declared war against the United States, and sent a fleet of five ironclads to capture this city, which they would have done had not a Chilean fleet of three ironclads opportunely arrived and rescued us. As it was, however, half of the city lay in ruins; the Spanish guns dropped their shot in the Fifth Avenue Hotel; dynamite balloons destroyed the Roman Catholic Cathedral, the Croton Aqueduct at High Bridge, and numerous other stately edifices up-town, and Brooklyn became a desert. It is a clever piece of fiction, well told, and we sympathize with the writer's feelings. The fortifications of New York should be looked after, and we should have a few vessels at least capable of coping with a first-class European ironclad, while we ought to have the means at hand of equipping a larger fleet at short notice. It would be a waste of money, though, in these days, when naval architecture undergoes such rapid changes, to fit out many vessels, which, although first-class to-day, may be second-class next month, and fourth-class next year. This story in FICTION will do a great deal of good, however, in assisting in the work of attracting public attention to our national defenselessness.—*New York Graphic*

OF A COLD OR
RAINY Night,
a teaspoonful or
two of the

GENUINE
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F. B. BROWN'S
GINGER

and half a pint of
HOT (boiling) Wa-
ter, sweetened to
the taste, will COM-
FORT the wayfarer
and do NO HARM.
TRY IT!

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\$777 a Year and expenses to agents. Outfit free. Address,
P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Me.

GRANDPA'S WHISKERS.
Grandpa likes to kiss wee Sallie;
She says No.
Says his whiskers, thick and bushy,
Prick her so.
Grandpa's head is smooth and shiny
On the top,
Where the hair began to thin, and
Would not stop.
Grandpa kisses; Sallie questions,
So 'tis said:
"Grandpa, why not put your whiskers
On your head?"
—Eva M. Tappan, in *Boston Journal*.

UP to this week, there have been issued this year one thousand three hundred and eighty-four patents for all sorts of things that are utterly useless, and on which the inventors will make cords of money, and for all sorts of important and useful things, the inventors of which will probably die in almshouses. If you are going to invent anything that will make you rich, my boy, invent a swindle, mix up a patent medicine and slay your fellow-men in affluent safety; make a cane that can be turned into a tent, a rocking-chair, a shot-gun, fish-shear, a camp-bed, an umbrella and road-wagon at pleasure, and will break all to everlasting and irremediable smash the first time it is used. That's the way to go into the patent business.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

THIS is the way a Vassar girl tells a joke: "Oh, girls! I heard just the best thing to-day. It was too funny! I can't remember how it came about, but one of the girls said to Professor Mitchell—oh, dear! I can't remember just what she said; but Professor Mitchell's answer was too funny for anything; I forget just exactly what he said, but it was just too good for anything!"—*Ex.*

FAVORITE dress-goods of the Nihilists—bombazine.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

THE MINING RECORD, of New York, is entirely devoted to Mining, especially of Gold and Silver. It contains the latest reports from all the mining districts, and an exhaustive review of the Mining Stock Markets. A. R. Chisolm, proprietor, No. 61 Broadway, New York. Sample Copies free.

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FOR CLEANING AND POLISHING
ALL HOUSEHOLD WARES.

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PACKAGES OF ANY OTHER SCOURING SOAP.

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and Ears, and all other Pains
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No Preparation on earth equals St. Jacobs Oil, as
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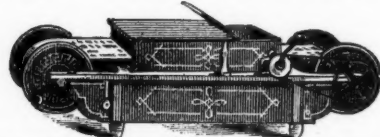
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Cocoa, from which the excess
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SILK DEPARTMENT about 10,000
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Stripes and other goods suitable for
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They also offer a variety of Kilt
Skirtings at the very low price of \$2
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prices lower than similar goods were
ever before offered.

ESTERBROOK'S PENS.

All Stationers have them.

A CARD.

During the next 6 months there will be a large number of people
out of employment on account of the drought; in some parts of
the country there is a great deal of suffering. There are plenty of
men and women in this country, who, if some friend would put
them in the way of earning two or three hundred dollars during
the winter months, would be grateful for a lifetime. A large Man-
ufacturing Company in New York are now prepared to start per-
sons of either sex in a new business. The business is honorable and
legitimate (no peddling or book canvassing), \$50 per month and
expenses paid. So, if you are out of employment, send your name
and address at once to The Wallace Co., 60 Warren Street, New
York.

The Household and Farm in its issue of October says, "The
offer made by this Company (who are one of the most reliable in
this city) is the best ever made to the unemployed."
The Wallace Co. make a special offer to readers of this paper
who will write them at once, and who can give good references.



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M. BORNSTEIN, Publisher,
15 Ann St. New York.

BUT when Jones bought
That stew, he thought
That church fairs he would shun,
For to his view
Not oysters two
Appeared, not even one.

—Somerville Journal.

MISTOOK HIS MAN.

"Let me see," said the young clerk, slowly
rubbing the newly arrived fuzz on his upper lip,
as he scanned the ragged-looking beggar who
had presented himself for charity: "your face
is familiar to me. Were you not in the battle
of Gettysburg?"

"Yes, yes," quickly replied the beggar,
brightening up at the prospect of a generous
stimulus to his finances, and not thinking a lie
harmful to bring about the result: "I remember
you, now; I was in the same company with
you."

"Very likely," replied the youth of eighteen
Summers: "I was almost confident that you
were around here only a week ago."

And the beggar slowly turned and walked
out, fully convinced that honesty is not always
the worst policy.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

AN EXCHANGE tells the following story:
"Mamie Richards, a Wisconsin schoolmistress,
is to have a medal because she walked daily to
and from her school, through two miles of dense
forest, in which were prowling wolves." That's
nothing. We know a boy who walks through a
three-mile forest every day, which is infested
with bears, coyotes, rattlesnakes and circus-
lions, merely to get to a place where there is no
school.—*San Francisco News-Letter.*

WING LEE, the first Chinaman ever tried on
so serious a charge in Chicago, is undergoing his
trial for murder. It is not known whether he
is well off and innocent, or poor and guilty.—
Peck's Sun.

[Daily Fort Wayne Sentinel.]

Mr. S. H. Joseph, Agent Emerson's Minstrels, re-
marks: I can with truth speak from experience; and in
saying St. Jacobs Oil acts in a marvelous manner I but
partly express my good opinion of it.

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in beauty, structure and finish being acknow-
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delicious flavor to a glass of cham-
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For Cleansing and Preserving the Teeth, Strengthening the Gums, and imparting a sweet fragrance to the breath. Sold everywhere, and Wholesale and Retail by the agents,

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Outfit free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

KNOX, THE HATTER'S WORLD RENOWNED

He who courts and goes away
May live to court another day;
But he who weds, and courts girls still,
May get in court against his will.

—Salem Sunbeam.

BOSTON can no longer claim to be the city of culture and æstheticism. New York is now entitled to this high honor. At a dog fight near Louisville on Wednesday Boston was not represented, while two hundred New Yorkers were present. Let us hear no more about the Bostonians encouraging high-toned amusements.—*Norristown Herald.*

THE CANDIDATE for office, unlike the Autumn leaf and the coy damsel, is not waiting to be pressed.—*Lockport Union.*

"MAKE HER HAPPY" is the title of a new poem. Can't do it possibly, diamonds cost too much money.—*Rochester Express.*

"BLEST is he who hath no ideas to ventilate," says the New York *News* man, who will please accept our congratulations.—*Boston Post.*

THE new coroner has appointed a colored man as one of his deputies. He will be handy for blackburying parties.—*San Francisco Post.*

AN OLD poker-player out in North Park rides a blind mule as a matter of choice. He says it is a pleasure to straddle the blind.—*Laramie Boomerang.*

[Manchester (Mich.) Enterprise.]

Messrs. Haeussler & Kingsley, Druggists, Manchester, say: We handle St. Jacobs Oil with abundant success, and it has given excellent satisfaction to our customers.

"IN A PIPE,"

A Complete Story; Written by ARTHUR LOT.

See FICTION No. XI.

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—*Fireside Companion.*

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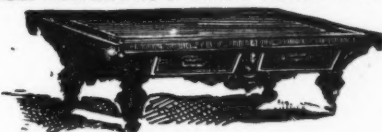
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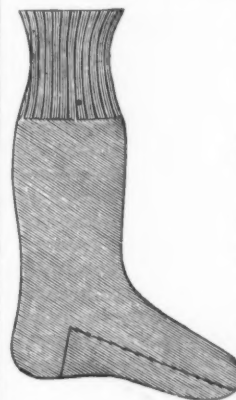
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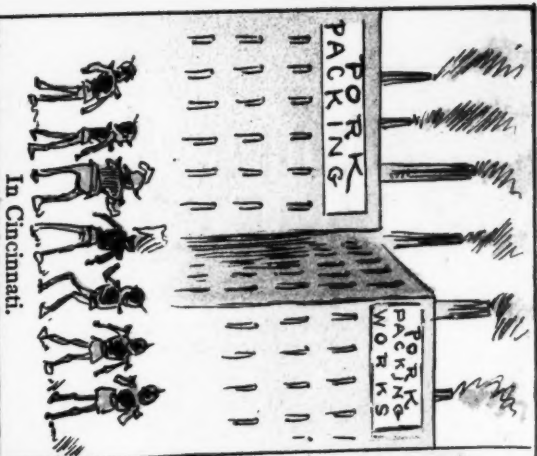
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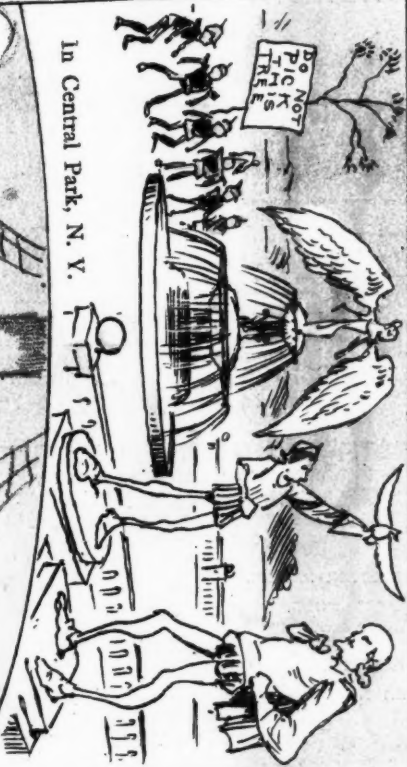
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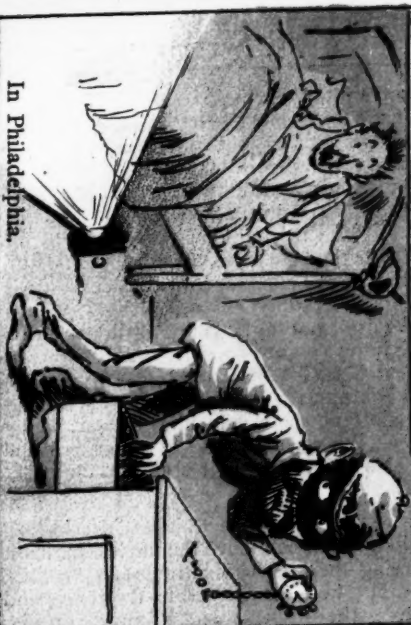
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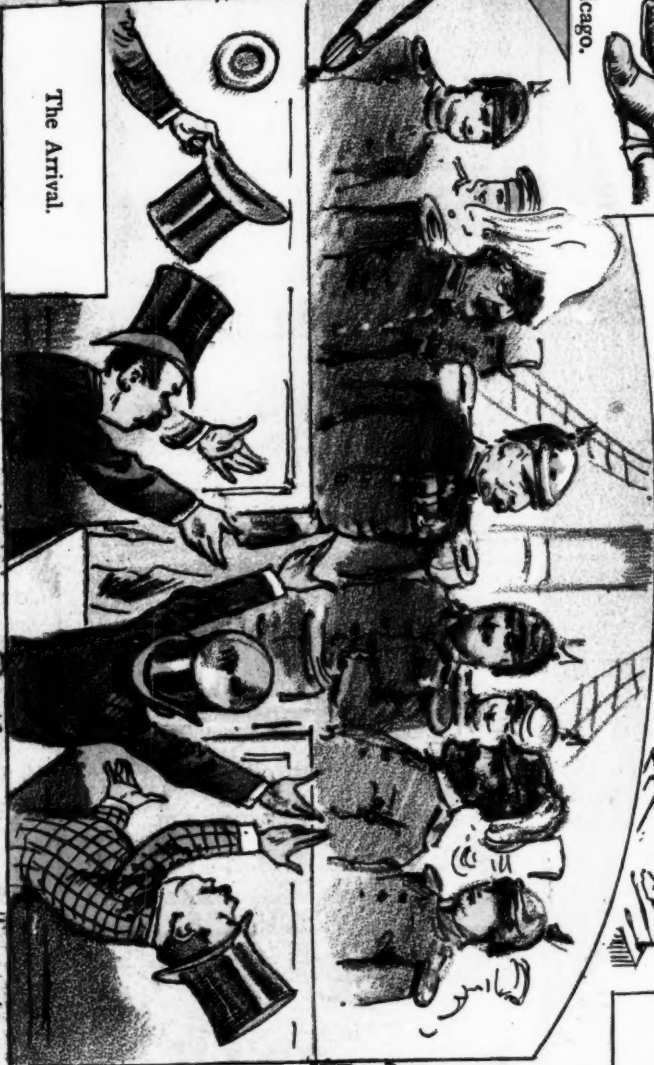
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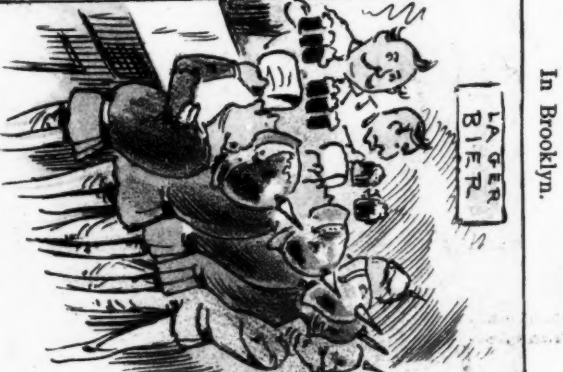
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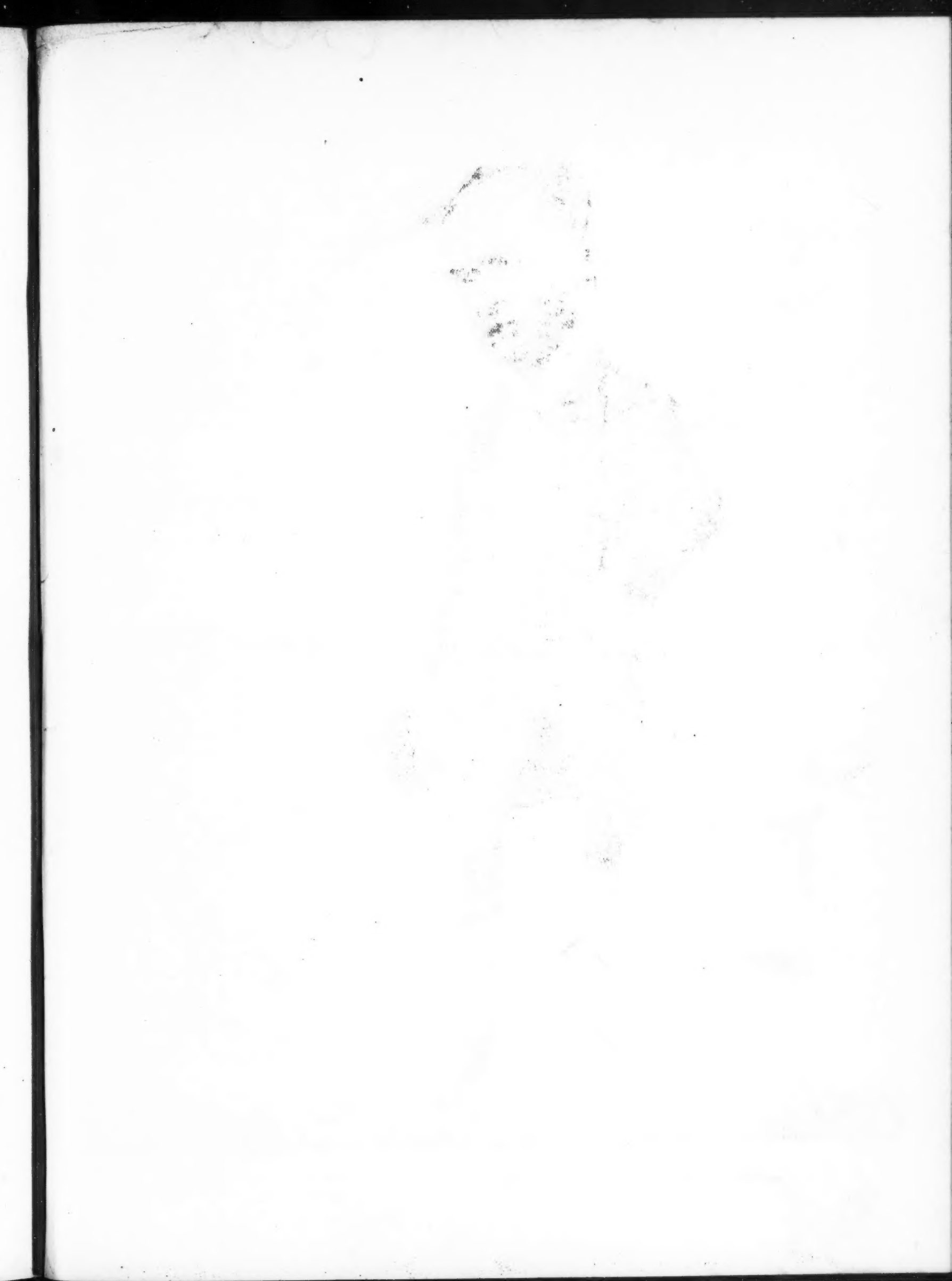
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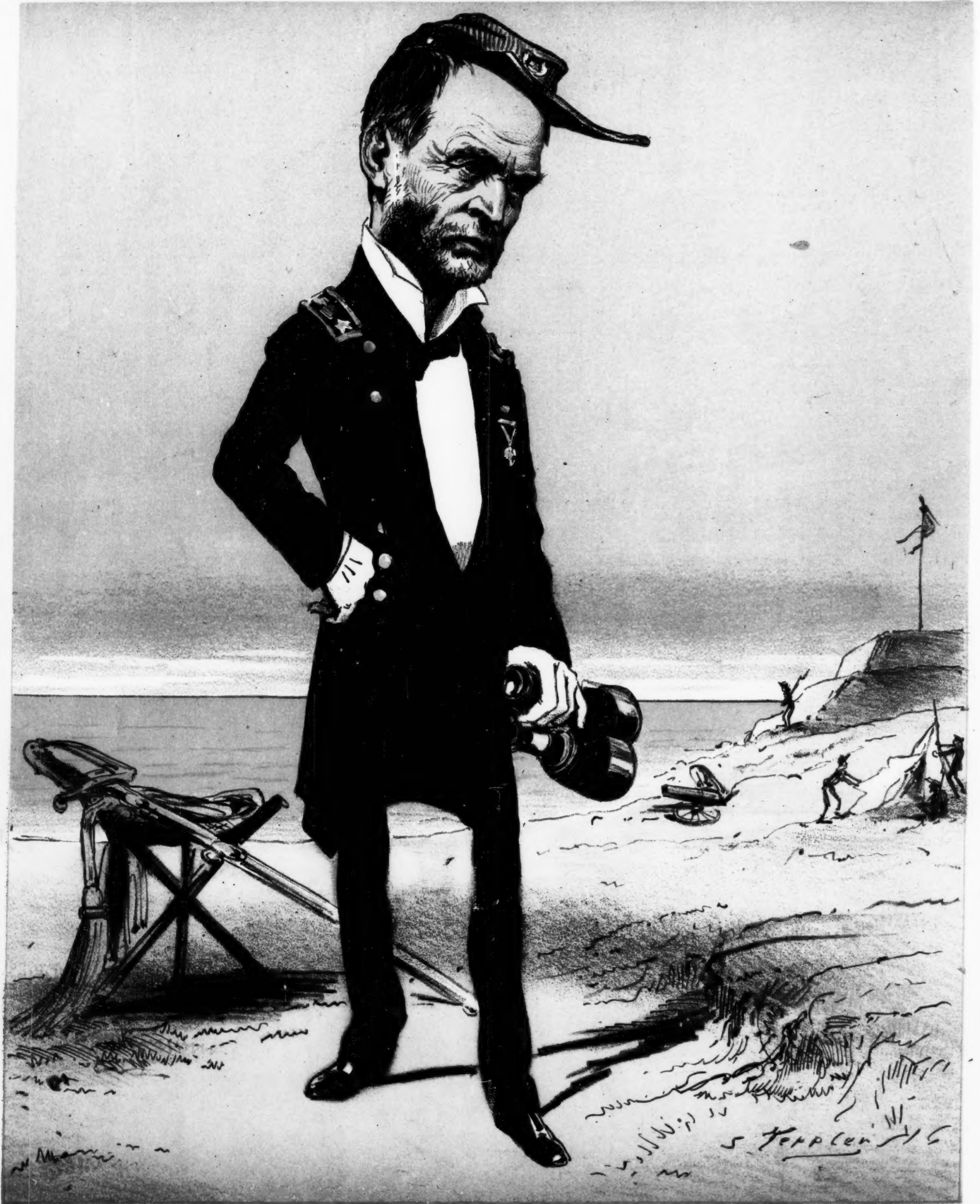


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